

FLAMBEAU FINDS WASHINGTON'S BOHEMIA IN HIDDEN HAUNT

WHERE CLEON THROCKMORTON STAGES HIS FIRST EXHIBITION

'KRAZY KAT KLUB' WAS INSPIRATION OF BOY ENDOWED WITH GENIUS

Alleyway Shields Court That May Be Styled Capital's Own "Quartier Latin," Where Art Critic Sees Painting of Youth With Only One Month's Teaching Who Has Already Startled the World With His Flashing Originality and Interesting Personality.

By VICTOR FLAMBEAU.

"A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and so, good-day!"

WITH these closing words from that wonderful book, Du Maurier's "Trilby," flitting through his mind, Victor Flambeau set out on a new quest—to seek in Washington another "Quartier Latin," la vie de boheme, a Parisian bohemia, where the soul might expand and the spirit soar.

He had explored New York's "Greenwich Village," had lived there, knew its affectations, its tawdry imitations, its warm hospitality, its pathos, its intellectual affluence. But in the National Capital, too, was there perhaps some center of the arts, some hidden haunt where one might find in comradeship those divine, congenial devils, art inspired and mad, no doubt, who have renounced the commercial world with its seductive wealth, to gain in solitude or blithe companionship another kind of wealth and fame in self-expression.

He knew, of course, the aesthetic Arts Club of Washington, that lair of the elite. And there, at the very moment, by great good chance he found hanging on the walls the first exhibition of a new young artist, one Cleon Throckmorton, the first one-man show of his own work. Good pictures they are, too—scenes from old Provincetown (that first landing-place of the solemn Pilgrims, who would have been so sadly shocked by the graceless group now flocking there in summer that they would doubtless have turned the Mayflower straight back to merrie Old England again, instead of going on to Plymouth, beach shacks, boats on the sand, drowsy wharves; from Gloucester there were fishing smacks, with spars, sails, and mystical reflections, but most beautiful of all were the views of Washington, the ancient waterfront along the Potomac, flying clouds, scenes up the tow path, and in Rock Creek. The names, even, more often picturesque: "Abstract Impression of a Forest Fire," "Casco's, Provincetown, the Haunt of Felix Mahony," "From Eugene O'Neill's Peaked Hill Bar," "Off Highland Light," "Experiments in Water Color," "Designs in Spray," "My First Provincetown Sketch."

ONE MOTHER TEACHING.
His first sketch! He had once had just one month's teaching in Charles Hawthorne's summer class at Provincetown, and that is about all the formal instruction in art that Cleon Throckmorton has received. Yet he has already figured in two biennials at the Corcoran Gallery, one in 1919 and the other of the present season. But for the first time now his work covered the walls of the Arts Club, and was to be inspected, criticized, perhaps appreciated, by an appraising public. There are some twenty pictures there in different styles, temperamental work, full of moods, mistakes, too, perhaps, but always interesting, always Cleon Throckmorton of another day!

The young artist himself was engaged just then in hanging his exhibit when Victor Flambeau dropped in.
"The trouble is," he said, in a puzzled kind of way, "I haven't frames enough," as he tried them first on one and then another, and couldn't stretch the number to cover his work. So part of the pictures, the less important ones, he hung without frames, and there they are in the Arts Club, frameless but beautiful. For young Throckmorton's painting has always indefinable charm.

Like some lost pre-Raphaelite, fallen by mistake into the Capital of the richest and most commercial nation that ever existed, is this Cleon Throckmorton, who paints so well that he could get by those shark critics and have his work hung at the great biennial in the Corcoran, two pictures last time, and one again this year, when almost every other Washington artist was refused. Or, perhaps, rather, he belongs to the modern French impressionist school, inspired by Claude Monet and Edouard Manet, followed by Degas, Cezanne, and the crowd who thrilled New York exhibits last season.

Now old is he, this extraordinary

nary Throckmorton? About twenty-one, he looks. But maybe he's more. For Cleon Throckmorton has already achieved a number of interesting things. First, he is a Washington boy from McKinley Tech, one of our best schools. He was a prize art pupil of a prize art teacher there, Alexis Many, a painter of note, director the past summer of the Laguna Beach exhibition in California, where Mr. Many's work received the leading prize. From McKinley Tech, Cleon Throckmorton went to Pittsburgh, to the Carnegie Institute, intending to be an engineer. Everybody knows the high scholarship required there. But after a year came the war, and though he was too young to be taken, Throckmorton went into the service.

As our well-known sculptor, Henry K. Bush-Brown, has told us in describing his work for the rehabilitation of the soldiers, quoting at the same time Sir Philip Gibbs, after the war the men held changed views of life, and they did not wish to continue the same work they had done before. Their aspiration had developed. Cleon Throckmorton decided that he must be an artist.

"So I went at it," he reminisces, "with the same hard work, the same intensive study that I had applied to my course at the Tech, and I'll say that at any artist could have rapid progress, if he would follow that absolute application required for an engineer. The trouble is, most artists are too lazy. They don't know it, but they are."

In order to pursue his art studies he had to make money to pay his way, so Cleon Throckmorton hit upon a scheme which would enable him to study during the day and work at night.

"I started out to prove my theory," he explains, "that a man should pursue his vocation by day, and if necessary work at night to maintain himself, rather than vice versa, as is too often now the case."

"KRAZY KAT KLUB."

Throckmorton opened a bohemian cafe, "The Krazy Kat Klub," at 3 Green's court, off Fourteenth street, between L and M. He developed it himself, from some old loft there which he rented, a most spooky sort of place, weird and crazy as its name. Good friends, a blazing open fire, some primitive furniture—"hand-made" no doubt—candles, drinks, "eats," a floor to dance upon, a garden annex in summertime, a spreading tree with airy rookeries built in its branches, the "Amalula Tree" of Eugene Field. Grande bohème! La vie parisienne! Here flocked the elite, to the "Quartier Latin" of town. Throckmorton showed them a first-rate time. He made his start. The "Krazy Kat" paid his way.

Often he helped a down-and-out young friend. One of these was Frank Schwartz, the penniless American artist, who so recently won the Prix de Rome at Paris by his composition "Heroism," just at the psychological moment for his fortunes to turn, and while he was a guest of Cleon Throckmorton.

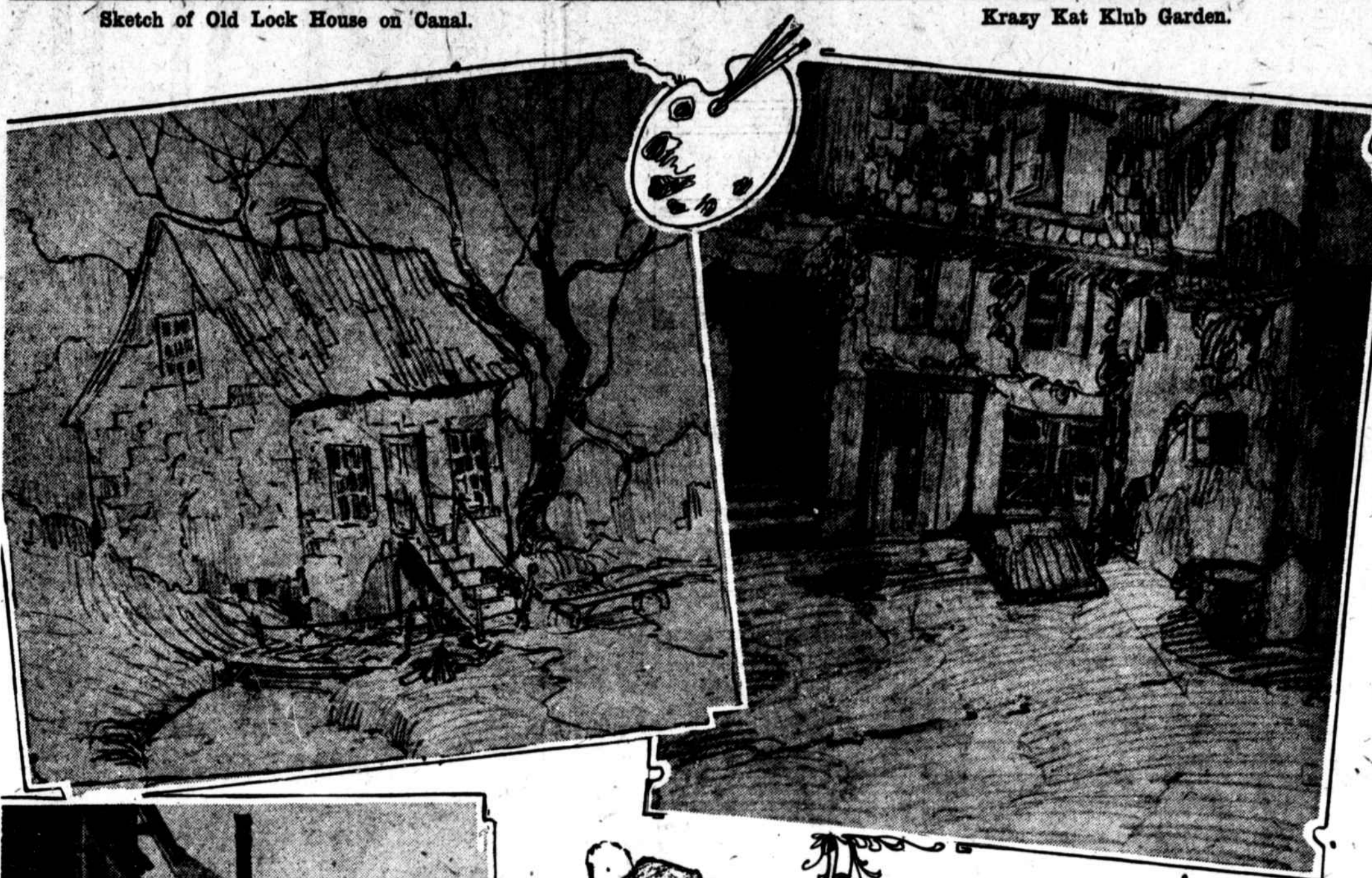
On a wager and after but a few months' study, Throckmorton got into his first Biennial in 1919 with two pictures. This year, when almost every other Washington artist was turned down, he got by again with his seductive "Morning Haze—Winter," a view up the Potomac actually painted out of doors on a couple of freezing mornings.

In imitation of the Krazy Kat, other bohemian restaurants sprang up in Washington to supply the demand. One of these was "Carcassonne," in Georgetown. Another was the popular

SKETCHES AND THINGS IN OUR BOHEMIA

Sketch of Old Lock House on Canal.

Krazy Kat Klub Garden.



Mrs. Katherine Throckmorton.

Above—Entrance to the Krazy Kat Klub, 3 Greens Court.

"Silver Sea Horse." Cleon Throckmorton made the weird decorations of the downstairs club room at the League of American Pen

Women, 1722 H street northwest, with bats, owls, and cobweb designs transforming their furnace room into a board room, where

Katherine as a Model.

the president, Mrs. William Atherton DuPuy, regularly raps the gavel every month. In Greenwich Village, New York, too, there are other fantasies of Cleon Throckmorton. One of them is at 95 Fifth avenue, the studio of Miss Virginia Berry, formerly of Washington.

"The Krazy Kat," explained Mr. Throckmorton, "has proved not only a club for artists, but a source of supply for musicians and playwrights. Several plays have been written here."

PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS.

But New York next called Cleon Throckmorton, where last season

A Glimpse of Our Waterfront.

he so successfully staged "The Emperor Jones" and other plays of the Provincetown Players in Greenwich Village. On his return to Washington he purchased two cars (0. Of his ability we recently had opportunity to judge by the visit here of the Provincetown Players, when he again had charge as usual of the stage settings. And at Howard University he, just the other day, staged two plays. One of his most unusual effects, a tower scene in cubism, is illustrated in "Theatre Arts," with favorable comment, and another is shown in the latest

Setting for "The Chinese Lantern" at the Little Theater, staged by Cleon Throckmorton.

"Vogue," both taken from Throckmorton's settings for Susan Glaspell's play, "The Verge."

"The first time that a cubist setting has been put over successfully in New York, in the 'expressionist' style," we are told. His latest hit in New York was Theodore Dreiser's "Hand of the Potter." Mr. Throckmorton has also just designed the settings for John Galsworthy's new play, "The Pigeon," about to be staged there.

"Work in three dimensions is what I like best," confesses Throckmorton, when talking of his stage experience.

Cleon Throckmorton is a young man of surprises. And only the other day he gave his friends, many of them, the biggest surprise of all, when he married, in New York, at the Little Church Around the Corner, the charming Miss Katherine Mullen, his beautiful young model and pupil. Mrs. Throckmorton, who has already shown marked talent for drawing, will continue her studies, and will also collaborate with her husband in his work. The Krazy Kat Klub, which had been recently changed to "Throck's Studio," has now reopened, and the elect of Washington's Bohemia regularly gather there.

WHAT THEY TALK OF.

What do they talk about, these gleeful sprites of our "Quartier Latin," when the hours wane, and the candles burn low, and the big fire glows, and over the cigarettes and the coffee and the sandwiches, what do they chat of, these men and women, boys and girls, the would-be writers, painters, poets of tomorrow? It might surprise a good many serious, high-brow, horn-rimmed spectacled scholars, to hear the sense of these youngsters, to see and feel in their light words the future shaping itself, coming forth as it were from the warp of time, a mysterious forming of new events.

Art and life, philosophy, psychology, psychoanalysis, Andre Tridon, du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson," "unperverted impulse" (whatever that is—they don't quite agree about it), hypnotic influence, the psychic in art, oh! a perfectly endless cycle of themes! Madame du Reve, with her dreamy eyes, listens, while Mr. Flightwood explains how our present educational

system is a precious waste of time, that "all the information of our twelve-year course might readily be absorbed in one year of concentrated application, with the proper "co-ordination"! Somebody calls him a "reckless recluse" but he sustains his thesis. Ideas scintillate.

"Man has far outstripped, in his commercial progress, his domination of the emotions," hazards une jeune moderne. She seems to know.

Under the influence of a sympathetic atmosphere, a whole life history may be bared, in a story attached, of course, to someone else.

Practical Mr. Tiller will talk of whether the football player or the coach works the harder, whether the man of action, of meditation, or of observation, gains most from life. Time flees. Celestine, the pious feline mascot of the "Krazy Kat," prowls mysteriously about the studio in the shadows, while the Turkish Trophies, the Murads, the Salomes, the Pall Mall, the—oh! every brand you could think of, gold-tipped, hand-rolled, cork-filled, all do their duty, and burn, dwindling away in blue haze and gray ashes, while time flees.

Mr. Fendall guards the door, admits the newcomers, or speeds the parting guest, while over the whole scene preside the ever-gracious host and hostess, Cleon Throckmorton, the artist, and his young Katherine, the lord and lady of the "Krazy Kat," at 3 Green's Court.

The hours wane... the guests depart... dawn once more.

As Victor Flambeau said farewell, and found his way back again to the highly civilized Captain of the greatest and richest and most commercial nation that ever existed in all history, through his head was flitting another verse from the closing lines of that wonderful book, Du Maurier's "Trilby":

"A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and
so, good-morrow!"

Will Society's
Frown Wreck
N. Y. Romance?

(Continued from Page 3.)

wanted a stage career. She was engaged to play in "Aphrodite."

In June, 1916, she sued for divorce. She canceled her stage contract. There was no explanation. But gossip in society had taken heed of the attentions paid her by Robert Wilson Goelt. And in October of 1917 came word from Paris that they had been married.

Then began a fight by Goelt for social recognition for his wife. A son was born. This even did not soften the heart of Goelt's mother, Mrs. Ogden Goelt. Everywhere he was welcome. Everywhere the bars were set against his wife. And now they say the situation has "gotten on her nerves."

So, into all three of these cases has been injected the unique situation of a woman whose big romance was blighted by the frowns and cast-down eyes of society.

Each, at one time or another, strove to burst through that outer rim. And each time those who might have given favor turned thumbs down.

Katherine Elkins found the royal family of Italy averse, and her marriage with Hitt has failed to save the soreness of her heart of that wound.

Dorothy Deacon, though her sister apparently is now enjoying the smiles of British society, found her struggle for recognition by the old Princess Rodzill too embittering. Though she relinquishes the title of princess, it is said she will late this month become a countess.

And now American society, having scorned Robert W. Goelt's bride, "the princess," is agog with rumors that will not dissipate, however much the Goelts insist they are happy.

High Flown Titles for South American Cities

BOGOTA, Columbia's capital, was early in the sixteenth century famed as "the Athens of South America."

This city, founded in 1538, was a center of culture before Harvard University has been thought of. Cartagena, Columbia, is fondly known as "the Heroic City," or "the Cradle of South American Liberty."

Ants Play Dead

AN entomological student has observed that a state of war often exists between two tribes of ants and they will fight until the supremacy of one is established. The ants of the defeated side acknowledge this by toppling over and playing dead, after which they are adopted into the tribe of the victors.

ROMANCE OF ANCIENT CITY UNDER A JUNGLE

IT is only during the last fifteen years that the full wonders of Angkor, the ancient city in French Indo-China, have been revealed, says the London Daily Mail. The immense lonely ruins with the great stone faces of Buddha, many as large as the Sphinx, with staring eyes, described by Lord Northcliffe, were until quite recently veiled from the world by the dense foliage of a mighty jungle.

The discovery of the ruins of this very old city—a splendid monument of other dynasties—is quite one of the most romantic tales of our time. In 1907 the provinces of Balabang and Siem Reap were taken over by France, and one of the first works of her engineers was to

move the great canopy of tropical vegetation which hid the treasures of the city from modern curiosity.

Their task meant the removal of a growth of nearly a thousand years. Workers of L'Ecole Française d'Extreme Orient, under the control of the Academie, plunged deeper and deeper into the jungle, hacking their way through immense roots of tropical vegetation, encountering tigers and serpents and strange beasts, but bringing to light as he went new shrines and statues and wonders of a long dead era.

Each day of endeavor, each day of hacking and hewing and warfare against the giant jungle growth, brought forth some new contribution to history.

Priceless galleries were covered in a shroud of green, masses of vegetation thrived in the flags of the city's paved floors, and even the shrines themselves had a mantle of green.

And what of Angkor today? Motor roads have taken the place of the forest tracks; gone are the tigers and the serpents; the city is revealed to all the world in the beauty of its thousand-years-old cloak, and close to the ruins themselves is a modern bungalow.

Each year the pilgrimage to the city increases. It was built in the form of a huge rectangle covering an area of about four square miles. At the entrance stands five massive gates. The king's palace and the Temple of Bayon with its fifty towers re-

main as a memory of the layavman dynasty. The causeway of a temple about a mile distant was laid without cement, a source of the greatest wonder to modern architects.

The walls of the ruins are covered with carvings illustrating the poems of Ramayana and Mahabharata, and huge stone statues remain in memory of the men who founded the city.

Quaint figures in stone, symbols of the faith of the time, portray nymphs and vampires and sacred serpents and prehistoric animals. Towering above all sits Buddha the sphinxlike, surrounded by smaller gods.

In the moonlight as Lord Northcliffe saw it, it is a picture of haunting melancholy. One of the sights of the world.